THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

A Chronicle and Review of the Doings of the Day, at Home and Abroad.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

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THE MAN OF THE WORLD.

BY the lamented death of LORD DERBY, England has lost one of her "historical characters" which History can never be expected to repeat. The departed statesman was not merely in a most eminent degree a "Man of the Age,"—he was also one of the men who *made* the "Age," and left upon it, in characters that can never be effaced, the impress of his energy, his activity, and his genius. The age in which he lived was pre-eminently an age of struggle, of conflict, and confusion; and in all these contests Lord Derby took a keen interest and played a high—very often the highest—part. Savage Landor, at the close of his long career, writes, with the mixture of cynicism and arrogance which had always been his chief characteristics—

"I strove with none—for none were worth the strife."

Lord Derby regarded life from a totally opposite point of view. To strive, to encounter competition, to match his own skill, and prowess, and eloquence against all comers, was to him a sort of natural instinct from his earliest years. Wherever competition was invited, wherever the lists were ranged and the tournay proclaimed, wherever the battle was set in array, Lord Derby was foremost among the challengers. His "gage" was always thrown down, and his lance ready to strike the adversary's shield either with the butt or the point—it mattered not to him; he was always prepared for any event. This seemed to be what we may call a special "idiosyncracy." During his early University career—in Parliament—on the Turf—in office—as a member and chief of Cabinets—as a trusted adviser of the Sovereign—as a debater—as a leader of the Conservative party—as a man of business (*teste* his management of the Relief Committee during the period of the Lancashire distress)—finally as a scholar, Lord Derby never shrunk from entering the lists, or failed in carrying off the honours.

In all those contests, ranging over such various fields, and lasting through a period of more than forty years, there were possibly a few, but only a few, in which Lord Derby commanded any advantage from adventitious circumstances. Rank, and wealth, and ancestry, and vast territorial possessions, and wide social influences were no doubt at his command, and were skilfully utilized where occasion required. But Lord Derby plunged into contests where those paraphernalia became utterly useless or even burdensome, and out of which nothing but his own strong hand and stout heart could bring him in safety. For example: very early in his parliamentary and official career Mr. Stanley, as he was then, found himself engaged in a desperate encounter with O'Connell. It was the great Irish Tribune of the People against the young Secretary for Ireland—in this encounter there was no respect of persons—in fact, the predominant sympathies of the public out of doors, possibly even of the members within, leant to the Irish side of the question; but the victory in the frequent parliamentary duels was won by the future Earl of Derby.

One rare and crowning characteristic must not be left unmentioned. Through all these varied scenes of strife the late Lord Derby passed without one stain on his banner. He was always ready to fight any one, and on any event; but he always fought fair. There was no underhand blow, no secret intrigue, no surreptitious advantage to be apprehended. Lord Derby's battles were all aboveboard and in daylight. He knew nothing of "torpedoes." And thus it has resulted that we can regard him now as a champion who has passed through many conflicts, who has to show many dints upon his armour, and many notches in his worn blade, but not one spot upon his escutcheon.

The holiday season is coming to its close, and the London world is sitting down to work again. Tradesmen are looking out for customers, solicitors for suits, and barristers for briefs. All the commercial, professional, and official systems have begun grinding again. Among others, Her Majesty's Ministers are re-commencing their highly distinguished and all-important labours. The first Cabinet Council of the new season was held last Tuesday, and a second summoned for this evening, at the "official" residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, in Downing-street. Concerning their Olympian deliberations we cannot, of course, venture even to surmise their objects or their results. A veil of mystery, less penetrable than that of Isis, wraps them out of sight. But we have a suggestion to make on the subject for the benefit of our daily contemporaries. Whenever a Cabinet Council is held a paragraph always appears in the next day's papers, not only stating the fact of such meeting, but appending at full length the names and titles of the Ministers who were present. Now, as everybody knows, who cares to know anything, the names of all the Cabinet Ministers already, the paragraph presents no useful information of any sort, and in point of fact nobody reads it. Yet, as it inevitably "goes the round of the papers"—and a very grand round it is—the paragraph must, in the aggregate, fill with utterly useless matter a considerable amount of space, which is conventionally regarded as extremely "valuable."

Supposing that the reverse principle were adopted and the name of no Minister be mentioned except such as were "conspicuous by their absence," the paragraph would not only be much shortened, but would also be lighted up with something like a gleam of intelligence which might occasionally be highly suggestive. When the council is full, and all the fifteen members show that they are duly at their posts, and honestly earning their wages, the five words—"All the Ministers were present" would suffice to replace the lengthy catalogue heretofore issued. But when there was an absentee the mention of his name would suggest the query, "Why was he absent?" and this query, under easily conceivable circumstances lead to curious investigations and inferences. The causes of absence would, no doubt, be, in most cases, very simple. Towards the close of the last Session, for example, more than one Cabinet Council was held with only twelve Ministers present. But then one member was well known to be in bad health, another was "in attendance" on the Queen at Balmoral, and a third was commanding the "flying squadron" in the Bay of Biscay. So their non-presence was honourably accounted for; but this might not always be the case. By way of illustration, we reprint the list of Ministers present at Tuesday's council, and as published in Wednesday's papers: The Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, the Lord Chancellor, Earl de Grey and Ripon, the Earl of Kimberley, the Right Hon. H. A. Bruce, the Earl of Clarendon, Earl Granville, the Right Hon. E. Cardwell, the Duke of Argyll, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Hon. Hugh Childers, the Right Hon. J. Bright, the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, and the Marquis of Hartington.

On counting the names we find only fourteen, so that one Minister was missing. Who is that one, and why was he away? It requires some pains, and no slight exertion of memory, to find out that the absent councillor was Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who is, we believe, in Ireland.

Ministerial changes, as the almanack makers say, come "due" about this time of year. With the new season's work before him, the Premier naturally reviews his team, readjusts the position of its various members, and perhaps takes some happy opportunity to get rid of a "wordy one." The movement also begins in the lower strata of the official system, but with portents shadowing forth future upheavals and disruptions in the "upper crust." At present only three changes are announced. Mr. Layard has resigned the Presidency of the Board of Works, and goes to Madrid as British representative. Mr. Ayrton succeeds Mr. Layard, and is in turn succeeded by Mr. Stansfeld, who drops the abnormal functions of "Third Lord" and becomes Financial Secretary to the Treasury. As far as Mr. Layard is concerned, the change is understood to be effected at his own desire, and because after trying both he prefers the Diplomatic to the Civil Service. His removal from the Board of Works has been regretted on the ground that he possesses, for a Minister, an exceptional knowledge of art and architecture; and then must we not next year finally select the plans for the new Law Courts, even if nothing more is done towards completing the work? But after all, the loss is not irreparable. What we want at the Board of Works, is not an architect, but an ædile. London cannot find occupation or afford money for a Haussman; but we want our parks and streets well kept and cleanly swept; we should like to see the Serpentine got to rights; and we most decidedly do not like to have our horses lamed and carriages shaken to pieces by grinding over a surface of broken flint stones. If Mr. Ayrton can do this for us we shall welcome him as a decided improvement on his predecessor. Mr. Stansfeld's promotion—if it be a promotion—is also gratifying in one way. His appointment was, of course, originally a rank job; the place of Third Lord being especially and needlessly made for him. Now he will occupy a definite position, and have regular work, while, as no new Third Lord is to be appointed, the country will save £1,200 a year.

THE MAN ABROAD.

Venice, Oct. 23, 1869.

EVERY one has been complaining of the seaside this year. Cold winds and continual rain, the sea breaking through the "digues," carrying away the lighthouses, and invading the houses which to it adjacent lie. The principal topic of conversation at table, and on the promenade, has been the number of shipwrecks, which make even the thoughtless, for a moment at least, feel depressed. From Brighton, Scarborough, Havre, Dieppe, Boulogne, and Trouville, I receive the same complaints as to the high tides, and the absolute necessity of having a fire in one's bedroom. I read them lying motionless at the edge of a sea calm as a lion in repose, and incapable of revolt, and whose tiny azure waves come to die peacefully on the silvery sands where I recline. I cannot help asking myself, what demon of red tape and routine makes every one choose Margate or Tréport, Ostend or Southport, when the Lido is a reality?

They can't fall back on the distance as an excuse, for every one goes to Venice. Only fashion has ordained that one should make it part of a tour and not a visit, that one should give oneself up bound hand and foot to a guide and be shown palaces, museums, churches, and arsenals, one after another; and then to be sent off blinded and stunned, saying, "I have seen Venice." You have done nothing of the sort. If you had really seen Venice you would have remained in it. People only get to know each other by being

much together, and Venice is not one of those facile beauties who takes you up at first sight. You will not love her, nor will she expose for you all her charms until you have become very intimate with her. Lord Byron perfectly understood that when he shut himself up in the island of San Lazare to study Armenian. It is not every one who will be tempted to study as he did, the language of the first man; but all will love who visit it once, this long seaboard, which sends daily to Venice vessels loaded with fruit and flowers, a fertile barrier against the Adriatic, which caresses it with the grace of a cat or of a tigress, almost in silence.

The southern extremity of Lido is rendered sombre by the massive "Château de Saint André;" still one knows its guns are no longer Austrian, and one looks on them more as pieces of furniture in keeping with the scene than as sentinels, such as they never were in the days of the Pedeschi. The rest is all gardens, with a modest inn. Not as at Venice in the palaces, Loredan, or Guistiniani, which are profaned by a *table-d'hôte*. Neither portico, nor vestibule, nor marble staircase; a rustic cottage covered with a vast net-work of vines, which remind one of the Durance and the Yaronne. Within its walls how many times have I quaffed those sparkling wines of the Archipelago, how many times tasted those *ragoûts de vin*, which are only really perfect when made on this very spot, and following the hundred varieties of fried fish such as here alone can be partaken of. Not so much for the repast as its accessories in the shape of associations and place. In the far distance I can distinguish the Alps, nearer I see in mid-air an array of spires, domes, columns, campinellas, and minarets. If it is a town at all it is one of those fairy cities which the Eastern traveller meets with in the desert, floating by day, with a dark background of violet purple—standing out by night, clear and luminous on the glistening firmament. George Sand has called it a vast fleet; Lord Byron, a cypress forest; Alfred de Musset, dead bones covered with a golden winding-sheet; so often does the aspect change and its forms alter. It is all this, and yet it is not this at all. It is Venice, who has no rival, even in the visions of the Apocalypse, and whom the human tongue is really unable to describe. Towards the port flit a string of gondolas which seem to skim the water like a flight of blackbirds; further to sea the wind plays in the sails of a large sailing ship. The indistinct form of a mastodonte, which approaches rapidly with a cloud of vapour around it, is but the steamer from Trieste, loaded with passengers. You are free to descry in the morning glimmer the phantom of Bucentaur, or some of those gilded galleys which bore the daughters of the republic as spouses for the monarchs of the world. I see all that from my window, by separating gently the vine which runs over it, and where, like a swallow in her nest, a tiny Madonna is hidden.

(To be continued).

THE MAN AT MUDIE'S.

THE *QUARTERLY REVIEW* AND THE BYRON MYSTERY.

THE new number of Murray's *Quarterly Review* contains an article very ably written, very full—indeed, we might almost call it exhaustive—upon the "Byron Mystery." This was to be expected. That, although this mystery may not be fully unveiled, the evidence, so far as it can now be forthcoming, is searchingly collected and skilfully marshalled, with the result of clearly disproving the hideous charge brought by Mrs. Stowe against the character of Lord Byron, was also to be expected. Not that the Reviewer can be suspected of picking the witnesses, or distorting the testimony, or of imitating the counsel in a court of law, who merely "speaks from his brief." But, considering all the antecedents, it was pretty certain that if the *Quarterly Review* could not make a valid rejoinder to the accusations of the American novelist, it would simply have said—nothing.

Another expectation was naturally evoked. Remembering the personal intimacy and confidential correspondence carried on for so many years between Lord Byron and "King Murray the First," one could not but believe that either in the archives of Albemarle Street, or from special sources of information hitherto sealed up, new light might be thrown upon the subject. This explanation is not entirely disappointed. The new evidence now produced is very brief, but very significant, and it strikes at the heart of the controversy.

So much has been written *pro* and *con.*, the real point at issue has been covered and concealed with so dense a mass of verbiage, that it is worth while to ascertain the actual state of the case as it is now presented for final judgment. And the first conclusion we come to is that the original inciter of the controversy—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe—disappears altogether. She told a sensational story, no doubt, as she has told many before, but as a witness she has no *locus standi* in Courts. She knows nothing of her own knowledge, and as reporting secondary evidence, and testifying to what she has heard, there are abundant proofs to be gathered out of her own writings that she regarded it as trouble wasted to determine the accuracy of any statement which helped to render more piquant the tale she had resolved to tell. We are not surprised, under these circumstances, that the "reply" to the many criticisms provoked by the original article, as published simultaneously in the New York and the London magazines, should be for the present postponed. Sooner or later we are sure to have it. Ladies—and especially American ladies—insist on having the "last word." In due time Mrs. Stowe will publish her "last words" about the Byron mystery. Of course, the sensational and criminal story will be duly authenticated; and equally, of course, we venture to believe that the English public will care nothing about it.

Another conclusion to which we arrive is that we can now disentangle the question from the vast mass of circumstantial evidence, and the cloud of hypothetical inferences which have gathered round it. The only point now to be considered is that of the alleged "incest" between Lord Byron and his half-sister, Mrs. Leigh. This is a single and definite charge, which must be met by such evidence as is now procurable, and with a total neglect of all collateral onsideration. When Mrs. Stowe wrote the paper which has attained such sinister notoriety, she evidently believed that Lady Byron had, in 1858, told the secret to herself for the first time, and that, under pleas which at any rate satisfied her own conscience, she was in her turn the first to reveal the terrible mystery for the edification of the world at large. Upon this, readers to whom the subject was new very naturally asked why Lady Byron kept silence so long; when, after so long, she spoke out at last—more than forty years after the event;—and why, finding it somehow impossible to keep the secret longer, she chose Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, of all people in the world, for her *confidante?* But the rejoinder was ready at the hands of writers of longer memory or larger experience. Mrs. Stowe was altogether wrong. The secret was no secret at all, as it had been already told to many; nor was it new, since it was told long ago—at the very time of the separation of Lord and Lady Byron, in fact. Neither could it be regarded as a special secret in the keeping of Lady Byron only, as, in fact, it had been public property since the "public" first heard of the affair. This is, no doubt, true, but only in a certain sense. The "incest" charge was, it may be admitted, brought forward at the time; but it figured only as one out of a multiplicity of other charges. As the "event" for several weeks formed almost the sole topic for conversation in almost every circle, and was surrounded with a provoking halo of mystery, everybody launched a guess, or hazarded a conjecture, until the whole field of surmises was thoroughly exhausted. Lord Byron said at the time, in a letter to Moore, that he had been found guilty of all the crimes which it was possible—and of some which it was impossible—for him to commit. Under such circumstances, anything like novelty was impossible in any revelation, except to those who knew nothing of what had gone before.

We arrive, then, at this result. The "guilty secret," as Mrs Stowe calls it, was known to three persons, and to them only—Lord Byron, Mrs. Leigh, and Lady Byron. From these witnesses alone can any trustworthy evidence be obtained. Now of these, Lord Byron is summarily put out of court. His evidence is not merely inadmissable, it is altogether tainted. Everything he said or wrote during the eight years that elapsed between the separation in 1815, and his death in 1824, was prompted solely by a deliberate intention of concealing the dread mystery and misleading the public mind. From Mrs. Leigh, again, no jot of testimony is obtainable. She spoke no word of vindication, or even of recognition, respecting the crime with which we are now asked to believe her conscience must have been weighted. All that we know is that she bravely stood by her brother's side while he remained in England; and afterwards lived the rest of a sorely troubled life with her husband and family, and mixing without reserve or misgiving on any side in the best circles of society.

There remains, then, only the third person—Lady Byron herself, whose ghost is evoked, many years after her death, to perform the double character of witness and accuser—we may almost add that of judge—in this cause. Now what does her testimony amount to? If Mrs. Stowe was right, and the secret of the "incest" kept for so many years, the story told her by Lady Byron was simply incredible—it was nothing but a hallucination arising in the mind of a woman in her dotage, who had brooded for forty years over her wrong. But this, it appears, is not the case. Lady Byron had disclosed the mystery long before at various times and to sundry people—to the Robertson's at Brighton, for example, and even at the very first moment to Dr. Lushington. On this last point the evidence is not very clear. All that we hear is that Lady Byron, in January, 1816, regarding Dr. Lushington as her "legal" adviser—which he was not, properly speaking, standing merely in that professional relationship with her parents, Sir Robert and Lady Milbanke—put in his hands a paper containing a sort of catalogue of "grievances" against her husband. These, so far as we can make out, pointed rather to a charge of insanity than of criminality; and at all events there was nothing in them which Dr. Lushington regarded as presenting an absolute bar to reunion. Afterwards Lady Byron appended a final item to the Bill of Indictment. It contained a charge which she had never before disclosed to the lawyer, and as it seems, never mentioned it to her parents at all; but Dr. Lushington at once admitted that "duty to God and man" forbade all condonement of offences, and rendered her reunion with her husband for ever impossible. It is now assumed that this last "item" must have related to the charge of incest. We cannot admit the cogency of this conclusion. Many other, and less criminal accusations might have produced the same change in the opinion of a legal adviser. Dr. Lushington, bound by professional etiquette, keeps silent. But even if he spoke, and if what he said bore out the worst inferences, the results would be of very little importance as bearing on the present state of the case. He could give only *ex parte* evidence, and say that Lady Byron in 1816 entertained suspicions which forty years later had ripened and hardened into conviction. He knew, and will know, nothing of his own knowledge.

A better, and to our mind thoroughly convincing, proof of the real state of Lord Byron's mind, and of his ideas respecting the relationship between Lord Byron and his half sister at this critical period is furnished by the brief extracts from some letters written by Lady Byron to Mrs. Leigh during the very agony of the crisis, and which are published for the first time in the *Quarterly*. Sometime in January, date not given, but evidently just after Lady Byron left her husband's abode with no intention to return, she wrote to his sister—

"In this, at least, I am truth itself, when I say that whatever the situation may be, there is no one whose society is dearer to me or can contribute more to my happiness. These feelings will not change under any circumstances, and I should be grieved if you did not undersand them. Should you hereafter condemn me, I should not love you the less."

In later letters, but all written within the two months during which the separation controversy was pending, Lady Byron wrote: "It is my great comfort that you are still in Piccadilly. You have been ever since I knew you my best comforter, and will so remain unless you grow

tired of the office. Shall I still be your sister? I must resign my right to be so considered; but I don't think that will make any difference in the kindness I have so uniformly experienced from you."

We might extend our quotations, but these seem to be enough to settle the question. Considering the character of Lady Byron, the relationship between the parties, and the nature of the crime as set forth in Mrs. Stowe's story, the notion that the letters could have been written under the circumstances, and addressed to their recipient, is sheer impossibility. For any strange outbreak on Lord Byron's part, whether spoken, written, or printed, the explanation is always ready:—that he was a psychological monstrosity. But if the letters written in the *Quarterly* are genuine—of which there is no doubt—and if the incest story is true, or even if at the time of writing them Lady Byron believed it to be true, her mind must have presented a psychological monstrosity even more monstrous than that of her lord in his worst days.

OUT-OF-THE-WAY PLACES.

YES, it is just three weeks since I left the pomps and vanities of the wicked metropolis, and betook myself to this *ultima thule* in general, and the "Cock" inn of N—— in particular. This creature was depicted on the signboard in washed-out colours, giving forth, "While I live I'll crow." He must have been thus engaged for the last century, and death or dirt would evidently soon release him from the obligation of boasting what he was even now plainly unable to perform. It is so very unlikely that any "Men About Town" will ever dream, except in a nightmare, of coming to such a deserted spot as this, that I am going to give them my experiences of my first few days in this out-of-the-way place. My first sensation on waking in the morning, after an utter inability to conceive where in the world I could be, was that something unusual was going on in the street. My window faced in that direction, so I rose at once and looked out. My impression for the moment was that I was in the Holy Land, near one of those miraculous pools of old, for there ran a stream parallel with the street which just opposite the "Cock" had formed itself into a natural basin, and here the inhabitants of N——, each provided with his or her piece of soap, were performing their morning ablutions. I did not feel inclined to do likewise, so jumped into my tub, wondering what could be the meaning of this open-air meeting. The first glance at the mirror reminded me of the immoderate length of my head of hair, which I thought even here was hardly decent. The elegant saloons of I don't know how many London *coiffeurs* seemed to appear before me, as if to mock me, and I remembered it was on the threshold of one of these establishments, in almost my last available hour in town, I had run up against an old friend, and all thoughts of cutting and shampooing for one shilling had clean gone. I looked upon a country hairdresser almost in the light of an executioner, and at once prepared for the worst.

I inquired of the landlady at breakfast if there were any wonderful properties in the wash-hand basin outside. She assured me the water was the same as I had used, but that it was the custom of the place to wash there. If the noise disturbed me she would give me another room; but I told her it rather amused me than otherwise, and at once proceeded out to get relieved of that which is a glory to woman but a shame to man. There was, of course, I found, only one individual in the place who pretended to any knowledge of the botany of the human hair, and he as usual sought to combine mutilation with merchandise, which latter consisted of anything from fishing rods and cigars to toothbrushes and tallow candles. I entered his den, however, and sat down—at least, attempted to do so, for one of the legs of the chair gave, and so did I vent to some of the Queen's best English. I took another (for there *were* two), and gasped out, "Don't take much off" (inwardly applying this observation as much to my head as to my hair); and he began. He was apparently looking for a fine root, for I could frequently feel the point of his instrument in my head; but at last the digging and the pruning were over, and he proceeded to use his brushes in a manner that would have done credit to a machine. He was a Conservative, I ascertained, and despised "hall these modern hinnovations." I objected to his offer to shampoo me, as I was rather afraid of being drowned in the process; and as I was leaving his shop he tried hard to induce me to invest in a box of his Regalia Reinas, but seeing I was firm in my refusal, he offered me one "to try." He was quite right; it tried my patience in its lighting and my stomach in its digesting. Seasoned smoker though I am, it nearly made me sick, and it was only a draught from my brandy flask that prevented that awful catastrophe.

I was fit for nothing for hours, but towards evening I sauntered into the only billiard room in the place, feeling rather inclined to knock the balls about a bit if I could get any one, bar the marker, to encounter me. It had, I suppose, once been a board of green cloth, but its former verdure had long since withered under the influence of age, chalk, and dirty finger marks. There had not been a "baulk" for years, so, as may be supposed, considerable freedom of judgment was exercised in determining its circumference. The red ball had ceased to patronise Madame Rachel, and was as bilious as its brethren; whence I perceived great confusion arose, for when a man found he could not make a satisfactory stroke with his own ball he played with this without much chance of being discovered. The cushions sounded like wooden walls, and I am prepared to stake my reputation or a fiver that John Roberts does not go five times up and down this spectre of a billiard table. I say up and down advisedly, for it is very mountainous in parts. A losing hazard, too, has a very extensive signification here, for it as often as not results in the loss of the ball through the old network and of time and temper in picking it up. I gave up all intention of playing, and after watching the only two other occupants of the room engage for half an hour in the sort of game I have described above, I left the dingy chamber, for there was no marker and it was wearisome to the last degree to be continually referred to as to whether Mr. Jones had played with his own, his adversary's, or the third ball, and my back began to ache with courteously picking them up when fallen; and as I walked out into the twilight I thought I saw the ghosts of outraged Messrs. Cox and Yeman imploring an order for one of their new, first-class tables as advertised.

I lit a huge cigar (one of my own this time) and wandered along wrapped in my own thoughts, which turned principally on what I had seen and undergone during the last twelve hours; and very nearly did I resolve to return the next day, but as this was Sunday and I felt some little desire to hear the local man of God—(yes, I assure you it was nothing to do with Sabbatarianism)—I determined to stay, and for fear of being lost in this strange place and benighted, I retraced my steps to my establishment. When I have written the word benighted I refer strictly to the ordinary action of the ethereal powers, and not to any extraordinary movement on the part of the Prime Minister. No, I think in this region any one, even your humble servant, may walk without being in hourly fear of becoming a recipient of one of that right hon. gentleman's passing spasms. On arriving at my inn there was, yes, a telegram awaiting me. Now, before leaving civilisation I had begged and entreated my friends on no account to make use of the wires unless the "information" warranted it, for I said, "For every one of your despatches I have ten shillings to pay for porterage." I was afraid at the time my caution would be disregarded, as it is principally from their business connection with me the "Electric and International Telegraph Company's" shares have risen to their present premium. When at home I live on telegrams containing the latest "prices" and the latest betting. So here, thought I, could be nothing less than the certain winner of the Cesarewitch. Nothing of the kind though, it was from a clerical friend asking me a question of *law*, a subject in which we all know the parson is perfectly helpless. I paid the boy his half sovereign, making up my mind that I would "draw" my sainted though perplexed friend for twice the amount when I saw him. Before going to bed I made inquiries about the service of the morrow, and found to my dismay I was by no means so certain of receiving the spiritual comfort of the Sunday as I had expected. To put it in figures, it was five to four against a service at all, as it was only when the rector had a mind he opened the church, and even with a "start" it was evens against a sermon; but that they believed that on this occasion Mr. S—— was coming to *preach*, and there would be a large congregation from the neighbourhood. So I was advised to be "early at the doors." Next morning I managed to secure as good a seat as was compatible with breakfasting at 10.30 for service at 10.45. It was a rustic though roomy building, very full, and I need hardly say the pulpit was quite the most prominent thing in it. To-day it was enveloped in black by reason of the death of the Bishop of the diocese. I looked in vain for the "popular preacher," and it was only just at the termination of the Communion Service that he appeared, perceiving that his time was come, though whether he had been preparing for his effort by drinking brandy-and-water in the vestry, or whether, as I thought more probable, in considering the sermon the only necessary part of the proceeding, he had breakfasted at even a later hour than I had, I could not tell, but he almost at once proceeded up the side of the man of war and buried his face in the sleeves of that garment for which I never could find any authority in the Rubric. Black were his gown, his gloves, and his gestures; but blue, I thought, looked most of his audience—at least, I can answer for myself. I did not take notes of his discourse, but when I say that it was an *ad misericordiam*, egotistical, evangelical oration to the very core, that he preached solely for the production of the pocket handkerchiefs (of which latter there was, I am thankful to say, but a poor show), I have said enough and more than enough. He had, he said, *preached* for the last fifteen years to a parish of 15,000 persons. What a trade, thought I, for the washerwomen of that town, and what, oh! what a merciful thing it is that I am not a member of your regular congregation!

I wished very much to hear my rustic friend in the evening, so was "all there" at the time appointed. During the prayers there happened what I have always been expecting to see in some church or another, viz., a misunderstanding between the clergyman and his choir. The hymn was duly given out, but it was not the one open before the organist—a man apparently little better than a hand organ, who struck up a measure strangely disproportionate to the words. But the worthy pastor was equal to the occasion, and after some two verses had been jumbled through, he steadily faced his congregation, saying, "That will do; let us pray." Fortunately I was in a pew more resembling an opera-box than anything else or I must have been expelled by the beadle for misbehaviour, but Richard was soon himself again, and everything went on swimmingly till the last sentence of his sermon—which, by the way, though to my mind a great improvement on the morning's rant, was one of those specimens of intellectual imbecility which many country parsons know so well how to acquire—when in a final denunciation of the wicked he brought his hand down upon one of the unfortunate candlesticks, and sent it flying with a loud noise to the clerk's pew many yards below. That functionary was luckily not there, or it might have added strongly to his natural incapacity. But I really began to think my simile of the opera-box was not so inapt after all. The next day I was very nearly as "Low" as the supposed Churchman I had listened to the morning before, but by keeping as much as possible in the pure air of heaven, and by employing myself principally throughout the day in trying to discover some one with a mole on the right side of the face who should answer to the description of Elizabeth Barry, I fast got rid of his unhealthy influences.

But my out-of-the-way place has taken up too much room already, and I am almost afraid even now of my evangelical tormentor's doings being cut up and placed, for want of space, among the advertisements (heaven forbid that he should ever be advertised!); so if anyone wishes to follow my wanderings any further he must invest the small sum of twopence next week.

(To be continued in our next.)

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Poet.—Oh, indeed! We should not have thought it!

Rien ne Va Plus.—Your system seems an admirable one, and certain, we should imagine, to reduce MM. Blanc and Dupressoir to beggary. We have left out 500*l.* for you, as a token of our sympathy and confidence. Office hours, between 10 and 6.

Archdeacon.—(1). Have it made with two tucks, and trimmed with insertion. 2. According to your complexion. If you are a dark, stout, middle-aged man cerise ribbons would suit you best. 3. Deep work on the night dress is indispensable to a minor canon of any pretensions.

A Bit Off.—A mixture composed of equal parts of rhubarb, ipecacuanha, tartar emetic, and aqua pura (quant. suff.) is the best remedy. The next best is threepennyworth of old Jamaica rum in a tumbler of new milk.

Haut-Monde.—Pinching is rarely practiced now in the first circles. Chasing young persons of the opposite sex over the furniture would, we imagine, be regarded with equal disfavour.

F. W., H. I. R. (Brompton), R. G., and others.—The City Leviathan is Mr. Charles Bush, and he may be trusted "for any amount."

A Subscriber.—Cork.—We will forward your letter to Mr. Hughes, and no doubt he will be able to give a satisfactory explanation of the matter.

Decency.—Mr. Dresser Rogers, we believe, is a tradesman, and probably adopted the course you mention to advertise himself.

The Man About Town.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1869.

TO any properly Conservative, choleric old gentleman, whose passion after reading a Fenian manifesto or two threatens apoplexy, I may be of service. I have suffered from the same disorder, and have, I think, discovered an effectual remedy. It is almost impossible, indeed, for any decent person to touch the hem of their infamous literature without feeling his muscles stiffen and right foot grow restless, and I admit that a perusal of the arrangements made by the "amnestors" on Sunday filled me with the liveliest indignation. *I went to see them*, and my wrath melted away like snow in August. To be angry with such pitiful rogues was impossible. The ill-disguised contempt for Caliban which seized Trinculo when he discovered that misused settler's imperfect acquaintance with natural science appeared to me the only sentiment of which the array of the many-headed was worthy; and I imparted my feeling to the breeze in identical language:—"A shallow monster; I could find it in my heart to beat thee!"

Of all "demonstrations"—and I have witnessed most of those indulged in of late years by the troublers of the peace of Israel—the one held on Sunday was the most unmeaning and contemptible. That the object of their ridiculous protest was such as could enlist the sympathy of no living soul with the faintest shadow of *decency* (I will not profane the word *loyalty* by such association) was little. It was the appearance of the "amnestors," their bearing and their talk, that bewrayed them, and formed the best antidote against any possible feeling of resentment. The jaded mechanics, who cared not in their hearts for Pompey or Cæsar, but who would at the bidding of their leaders have given up their Sabbath with as little or equal reluctance for the purpose of revoking the edict of Nantes; the ladies' division, with their little Earl Marshal in tall hat and white gloves; the banners, the bands, the whole *mise-en-scène* was so comical that none but their friends will wish to prevent the performers repeating their dreary mummery whenever they please. Police? Lifeguardsmen? 16-pounders? A fiddlestick! Toleration and contempt are the weapons to fight such Falstaffian recruits. Plenty of rope, and I will guarantee the proper and time-honoured conclusion will not be distant.

An exceeding bitter cry, shriller than the first string of their fiddle, has gone up from the professors of dancing and deportment. M. P. de Basque, *maître-de-danse* to the principal Courts of Europe, and Mr. Smooth, who, assisted by the Misses Smooth, instruct our middle-aged citizen how to sort his legs and feet, are at one in the great question. Even poor little Miss Hopper, who with her wretched little kit—no bad emblem of herself—attends an afternoon class at a third-rate school at Hammersmith, adds her feeble little voice to the chorus which has for its text, "The tenth don't dance." Important or not, it is a fact that "dancing days, not only for the middle-aged, but for everybody, are over. There are those alive, we should imagine, who can recollect when it was customary for young ladies to stand forth, the centre of an admiring circle, to execute shawl, Spanish, or tambourine dance; and most of us will have vivid personal recollections of the frightful precision and scrupulousness with which men, as well as women, executed their "steps," like the Chevalier at Mrs. Perkins's balls. Dancing was then gravely learnt, and gravely practised. Stout men scorned not to "set," nor spinsters of a certain age to "balancer"; fathers and mothers of families pranced and capered, and were not ashamed. We have certainly changed all that now. If dancing were desirable, it is impossible. As every house has twice as many guests as it will accommodate, the clearing of the floor of any ordinarily-filled ball-room would inevitably drive some hundreds of unoffending persons through the walls. There is now and then a kind of engagement between a few bold skirmishers thrown out before the main body, who perform some breathless evolutions, and are carried out in a fainting condition, but dancing there is none. Without thinking dancing either Poetry or Religion, as it has, I believe, been defined, I have much liking for the Art and its proper professors. The *ballet* in the old days of Her Majesty's, the days of the *Pas de Quatre*, the Sylphide, La Vivandière, the Notary, the Watering-pot, the plush-clad footman, and the flushed old Lord Methuselah with trembling glasses was a charming distraction. But it must be rigidly confined to our masters. Nothing can be more hateful than the Beast who, arrayed in tunic and tights, twirls, pirouettes, and revolves until every well-conditioned person desires to fall on him and beat him. But female dancing, from Carlotta Grisi to a Nautch girl, is delightful, healthy, and graceful, and appetizing both to performer and spectator. To seize a person of the opposite sex and twist her violently round and round at a high velocity is no more dancing than it is geometry. It is high time such a disgraceful scramble were put an end to altogether. In its place, I would suggest, not that we should all go to our "steps" again, but that *we*, the bull portion of humanity, should give up the business altogether. Let there be dancing at balls, but supported entirely by ladies. Let them be gracefully attired, and execute all manner of seductive figures. Let us, meanwhile, reclining on couches, smoke and take refreshments. After they had completed their *pas*, the damsels could come and minister unto us.

It has been the creed of the unsuccessful since the beginning of the world that success, like kissing, goes by favour. All the unplaced for the great prizes in politics, literature, art, rope-dancing, pig-jobbing, or what-not, are loud in their assertion of the stupidity of the starter, the venality of the judge, or the unfair riding of the successful jockey. Everything is "squared;" modest merit has no chance; interest is everything. It is more particularly with reference to literature and the drama that these time-honoured accusations obtain currency and belief. A rising man (especially if he be near the moon) cannot be kept down in politics; and a good picture is, I for one, since I saw the Bond-street "rejections," fully believe, hung, admired, and sold on its merits. But for a poem or a play it is, according to the great body of mankind, as difficult to obtain an audience as for *Plain English* or *Escaped from Portland*. Publishers, stage managers, rival authors, and rival dramatists are in solemn league and covenant against any talented aspirant, and resolutely sit upon his head. The anonymous poem may be ten times cleverer than *Our Lady of Pain*, the drama may throw *Money* and *London Assurance* into the shade, clique will pervert their ever challenging comparison at the bar of public opinion. There is, I fancy, a halfpennyworth of truth to an intolerable quantity of misapprehension in the charge. I do not believe that clique, interest, or favour have one whit to do with the reception or rejection, the success or failure, of works of real ability, whether written for the chamber-candlestick or the footlights. Over the immense mass of mediocrity they do, of course, exercise a powerful influence. If two common-place works are offered to Mr. Brassley, the publisher, and he is desirous to accept one, it will be that written by his seventh cousin, or the young man with such high credentials from his influential Edinburgh correspondents, M'Grab and M'Hawl. Self-interest—(do not even Church patrons appoint their sons-in-law?)—is great and will prevail; but its sphere is limited. It can no more smother a genius than I could dance a clog hornpipe in my night-things in December. Dear Mr. Spoonbill, who cannot get a publisher to undertake his "Sonnets," and charming Miss Cobalter, who received no reply from that "horrid manager," must not rashly attribute their want of success to the fact that the world is against them. If they have the stuff in them, it will be recognised as surely as that the sun will rise to-morrow. But Tooting—to say nothing of Rome—was not built in a day; and better soldiers than they have had to fight hard without pay for many a weary campaign. I cannot think that the amiable Dr. Vellere's dramas will astonish the world. Still less do I anticipate any good results from the foundation of a receptacle for amateur contributions to current dramatic literature. I sincerely trust the scheme will flourish, and that the Doctor may be crowned with bays, exchanging his "Stern Realities" for the "graceful fictions" entitled popularity and success. But I don't think I shall assist at the performance. The professionals are trying enough, goodness knows; but an evening with the amateurs!—I am really not strong enough.

THE MAN IN THE STALLS.

MR. BYRON'S comic drama, *Not Such a Fool as he Looks*, in which the author plays the leading part, was produced for the first time in London on Saturday last, at the Globe, with a fair amount of success. The idea of the piece—more properly a farce in three acts than a drama—is so good, and the construction and dialogue of the earlier portion so neat and effective, that it is to be regretted that Mr. Byron should have tacked on to it so lame and impotent a conclusion as the third act. The complications involved in the perpetual alterations in Sir Simon Simple's circumstances and paternity are highly humourous, and are so well suited to Mr. Sothern's genius that it is to be regretted that that accomplished actor declined the opportunity offered him of making the part his own. Without making any of those invidious distinctions so properly reprobated by the Undergraduate, we may say that Mr. Byron's performance of Sir Simon was very satisfactory. The influence of right feeling and good principles on a sluggish intellect was very well expressed, and the nice discrimination and tact with which the peculiarities of a difficult character were wrought out showed nothing of the amateur. The author was excellently seconded by Mr. J. Clarke and

Mrs. Stephens, who severally pourtrayed a shrewish sample of the *bourgeoisie* and her spirituous husband with inimitable truth and humour. If *Not Such a Fool as he Looks* were judiciously compressed there is stuff in it for a very successful career. With such a tin kettle tied to it as the third act, the "run" will hardly be so far or so pleasant as could be wished.

The little theatre in the Haymarket commenced its winter season on Monday last, the occasion being marked by the appearance of a new comedy, called *New Men and Old Acres*, the joint production of Messrs. Tom Taylor and A. Dubourg. The "story" is simple enough. Marmaduke Vavasour, (Phœbus, what a name!) proprietor of the Old Acres, has, like many another country gentleman, encumbered his property heavily, and at the opening of the action, a mortgage on Clere Abbey, his ancestral seat, is about to be foreclosed by John Brown, a wealthy manufacturer, the New Man. Before the completion of the legal act, the outgoing and incoming tenants of Clere Abbey are brought into contact, by the visit of John Brown, upon whom the modest grace and unselfishness of Lilian Vavasour make a deep impression. The warm feeling with which she inspires the *novus homo* is returned, and the patrician scruples of Lady Matilda Vavasour being overcome, the embarrassments of the family and the plot of the piece seem on the point of terminating abruptly. The sudden collapse of the commercial house in which Brown is a partner prevents this consummation. Forty thousand pounds have to be raised, and the mortgage deed appears on the point of passing into the hands of a Mr. Bunter, another man as new but much less true than Brown. The purchase is almost complete when, owing to the zealous exertions of Brown, the discovery is made that the estates are rich in mineral wealth—a fact of which Mr. B., whose name should have commenced with a P., was of course perfectly aware. So the fraudulent bargain proposed by Bunter is prevented, the Vavasours become rich, and the hand of the heiress Lilian is fairly bestowed on the "New Man," by whom the safety of their "Old Acres" has been secured. These are but slight elements from which to construct a modern comedy, but the authors have dealt subtilly with them, and have succeeded in weaving a substantial, as well as elegant fabric out of gossamer. The incidents, if simple, are not unnatural, while the characters are effectively drawn, and the dialogue is extremely neat and telling. With these meritorious characteristics, *New Men and Old Acres* would be well entitled to the success it achieved, even had the acting less evenly and excellently seconded the authors. Miss Madge Robertson, who played the heroine, is one of the most expressive and intelligent of the rising school of actresses, who wants but opportunity to rise to the highest eminence in her "line." The grace and feeling with which she indued the character of Lilian were admirable, and no more entirely satisfactory exponent of the part could be desired. Mr. and Mrs. Chippendale were also very meritorious representatives of the elder Vavasours; and the lessee's unctious humour, which, like the best of wine, brightens as it ages, was seen to advantage in the part of Bunter. Mr. Howe has lost nothing of the earnest, unaffected bearing by which he has been distinguished through a long and honourable career, and his rendering of John Brown was manly, vigorous, and effective. Where almost all were so efficient we are sorry to have to say that Mr. Buckstone, junior, afforded one more fatal proof of his entire unfitness for the profession he has adopted.

IN THE STREETS.

"MAN goeth to his long home and the mourners go about the streets." And if this be true of the many, how much more strongly does it come home to us at this time, when England has but just lost the brightest and noblest of her sons! Amidst all the wretched intrigues of party, and the heated struggles for place and power in the time to come, how shall we miss the voice of one who could rise above them all, and who, so long as he could serve his country, was content to leave the prey of office to other and to meaner souls! For, first and before all, Lord Derby was a man—a man with a soul; in the language of Carlyle, nowise a clothes-horse, but a man—and we can ill spare a man in these days of charlatanism and unpatriotism. It is given to but few even to apprehend such a character as Lord Derby's. A man in such a position as he was, with every advantage both of birth and intellect to fit him to be a great party chief, he yet would not condescend to budge one jot from the path of rectitude if he could have ensured office and power for his life. He went straight to his mark, swerving neither to the right hand nor to the left; always careful to deserve his country's love and admiration, but steadfastly refusing compromise of principle o any sort to obtain success. And then, forsooth, we are told he was no statesman. He was not a statesman in the sense employed by the *Times* and other organs of "Liberalism," for he refused to prostitute himself, and this was what they could not understand. Flunkeyism they can sympathise with. Earl Russell they could comprehend; but Lord Derby was far above and out of their ken. The best compliment that could have been paid to him is the negative testimony of these rodent creatures, who do not and cannot enter into the feelings and motives of a lofty minded man. What is a statesman? Should he follow or should he lead, or at least seek to regulate the movements and fortunes of his country? If to discover the tendencies and to flatter the prejudices of an ignorant mob be statesmanship, then, indeed, are statesmen easily found; and we might without difficulty replenish our Cabinets from the select ranks of the Marylebone Vestry. The plain English of the matter is that Lord Derby, unlike his opponents, did not make a trade of politics. He was as great a person out of office as in office, and only a sense of duty induced him to give up a position of complete independence. What chance had he of success against men with the souls of bagmen—men who would win power by a trick, and look upon politics as goods to be bought, sold, and made capital of, like tradesmen's wares? But more than all this, they traded upon his patriotism, they knew he would never join in the struggle of degradation, and so they had him at a disadvantage. The time is coming when, as in America, politicians like Lord Derby will have ceased to exist, and the only question will be which shall go deepest into the mire. Happy is the country where true aristocrats are its trusted leaders! We shall presently be told, by way of contrast, that Mr. Gladstone is a true statesman because he passed the Irish Church Disestablishment Bill; as though it required any statesmanship to know that the destruction of any thing good would be acceptable to all infidels and heretics whatsoever. The measure could not have been less than it was; it conciliated no one, it grappled with no difficulty. An accountant might have done it as well; indeed there was as much statesmanship about it as in the abolition of a turnpike trust. We are quite content that Lord Derby's Bill for the Abolition of Slavery should be set off against Mr. Gladstone's latest effort. The former was constitutional and statesmanlike, for it was founded upon principle—upon the principle, now almost forgotten, that it will not do to be generous with other people's money. The latter was the bitter offspring of ambition and revenge. We have no space here to dwell, as we should like, upon the character of the great man who is gone. We do believe that, with a very few exceptions, there is not a being in this kingdom, worthy the name of man, who did not admire him and place the most implicit confidence in his purity and his patriotism. There was never any doubt about his motives. When he left the Whigs, with whom nothing but the accident of birth could have connected him, it was to leave office at the same time. When Mr. Gladstone left the party of his convictions, and betrayed the Church that had so foolishly confided in him, it was to reap the highest honours and rewards from the enemies of that party, and the haters and revilers of that Church and its Founder. Of Lord Derby's private life, as might be expected, not very much is commonly known, and it has always been to the interest of his opponents to represent him as haughty and reserved. He was, in truth, one of the most genial of men; brilliant and amusing in society, and as a true aristocrat always would be, kind and affectionate to those below him. We knew one case where an attorney's clerk had occasion to go to Knowsley on business. He was treated sumptuously, and afterwards Lord Derby himself showed him his library and other things worth seeing; not by any means in the pride of possession, but rather with a sort of apology that the house was nothing much, but that it did very well for him. His admirable conduct during the Lancashire cotton famine has never been properly known or appreciated. Had he only been a Liberal, and puffed himself accordingly, he might, on the strength of that alone, have retained office for his natural life as the friend of the working classes. But he was their friend, and so did not call himself so; and in these days you must advertise yourself if you want to get on. He was, too, very fond of a joke. It has been said that a joke of his with regard to Mr. Gladstone's Philhellenic mission had something to do with the more complete subsequent rupture between them. Perhaps it had; for personal ambition and personal pride seem to be the Alpha and Omega of Mr. Gladstone's life and character. There is also a rather good thing told of Lord Derby when asked why a bald head was like Paradise. Every one knows the original answer, but he supplemented it thus: because there is no parting or dy(e)ing, *and* there are no d——d W(h)igs there. We believe he was the originator of the story told of a wine merchant who sent him a sample of wine recommended for the gout, and who on calling to know the result, was told that Lord Derby had tasted the wine, but preferred the gout. The gap left by Lord Derby will never be filled up. Such a union of intellect and high principle is not to be found in these days of atheism and electroplate. In his case the intellect was subject to his religious principles; had it been otherwise he would have been more successful, and would have had the miserable gratification of being accounted an enlightened statesman. As it is he has left a name that will long live in the memories of all true men as that of the purest type of a high-souled, upright, unselfish English nobleman.

Dr. Temple still stops the way, and we suppose this very indecent exhibition is intended to show what a strong Government, so called, will condescend to. Dr. Temple is not a martyr nor is he a distinguished man, and his Essay is a mere plagiarism from Bauer. Archdeacon Brandeth knows as well as we do that Dr. Temple would have been left at Rugby to his *subsidia primaria* had he not written political circulars for Mr. Gladstone. It was said that he refused a deanery not long since, on the ground that he felt he had a great work to do at Rugby. But then the revenues of a bishopric and of a deanery are so very unequal. We hoped at one time that even the Solfidian sect would for once exhibit a little Christianity, and unite with the rest of the Church in resenting the appointment, even though made by an angel, as we are assured. But it is not to be. Lord Shaftesbury has done himself infinite honour in this matter; but those two old women Deans M'Neile and Close, like the spurious mother in the days of Solomon, would rather see the Church cleft in sunder than that their rival should succeed, or than they would resign one of their ignorant and puny prejudices. The life of the child with them is nothing, while they are content to haggle over its vestments. They are like two old maids, nervously jealous of a suspicion upon their chastity, but whose virtue, nevertheless, no one would for an instant dream of soliciting. The defence put forward on behalf of the nomination is worth notice. The so-called Broad Church pride themselves so very much upon being so manly and outspoken. Now we do not hesitate to say that the conduct of the Rev. E. W. Benson and of Dr. Temple is as unworthy and cowardly as can well be imagined. The Rev. E. W. Benson puts forward an elaborate apology for Dr. Temple, for which the latter is in no way responsible. Thus to the rationalist Dr. Temple may say, "I quite agree with all contained in *Essays and Reviews* still," while at the same time others of his friends are pointing to the letters of his apologist as vindicating his orthodoxy. He cannot be both a believer and an infidel at the same time, but he is just now getting credit for being both. The evil effects of this appointment will not be felt so much now as hereafter, when the Church of England must be cast over to save Mr. Gladstone's fortunes, and we then find we have raised up a number of heretical Churches with duly appointed Bishops. Why does not Dr. Temple publish an expurgated edition of the Bible

that we may know what he does believe? At present they tell a story of a Rugby boy being examined in Biblical criticism:—

Q.—Is the Bible the word of God?

A.—Some parts of it are supposed to be so.

Q.—Which be they?

A.—Oh, please Sir, nobody knows except Dr. Temple.

No thoroughfare again on Sunday. Might the day not be changed for these exhibitions, or else instead of calling it the Lord's Day, call it for instance the day of *Belial*, after the great M.A.? Of course if all the blackguards of London will collect round Mr. Merriman, like scum round a dead dog unfortunately hitched in a weir, it cannot well be helped. But if the police would only move the speakers on, or in default, use one of their gentle applications to the ear of the fervent orator, which they so well understand how to administer to the youthful rough; we should have no more of these nuisances in Hyde Park, and we might hope to pass in peace along our streets. They certainly do manage these things also better in France.

CHARADE.

1.

Formosa's flowing tress of golden hair,
A company whose balance-sheet's a snare;
The hue that often tints a lady's cheek,
Justice that only strikes the poor and weak;
The policy that shows the dockyard door
To thousands who their bread earned there before;
The charity that never opens fist
Unchronicled in a subscription list;
Too many vows before the altar sworn,
Tears for the wealthy miser who is gone;
Police protection from the ruffian horde,
Due supervision by a Poor-law Board;
A railway's list of fares when first it starts,
Election speeches made with hands on hearts;—
All these, and many more that I could name,
The title of my *first* distinctly claim.

2.

Let the boiling surges madly leap,
And dash their foam o'er the craggy steeep,
My *second's* unmoved 'mid the wild uproar,
And hurls them back on the wreck-strewn shore.

3.

Oh that the land we think on as we gaze
Upon my *whole* may soon know happier days!
Learn to distinguish 'tween her friends and foes,
And spurn with scorn those who trade on her woes!
Learn what the page of history hath taught,
That freedom ne'er with murder can be bought;
That while a country shuns not such a stain
Her hopes of peace and happiness are vain!

ANSWER TO CHARADE IN LAST NUMBER—"Pert-in-a-city.—All solutions received were wide of the mark.

OUR PRIZE RHYMES.

No. I.—CHIMNEY.

PRIZE WINNER—

Then they chaunted the funeral hymn, knee
Bended and hands outspread;
While, like smoke from a furnace *chimney*,
Rolled the insense-cloud high overhead.

Proxime Accessit—

Trying vainly her features to limn, he
Spoiled of paper at least half a quire,
So he threw the vile daubs in the *chimney*,
And their blaze nearly set it on fire.

Bene—

A modest young lady of *Rhymney*,
When asked for a good rhyme to *chimney*,
Said, "Excuse me I beg,
If I mention my leg,
But I call the top part of that *limb, knee*."

Bene—but hybrid; in fact, scarcely "soot"able.

"Excelsior!" cried the climbing sweep-boy.
I would not stand such chaff from him, "*Ne*
"*Plus ultra*—thou must promise keep, boy,"
Said I, "and finish first my *chimney*."

A sweep should never try to set a limb; "*ne*
'*Sootor' ultrà crepidam*" 's advice
Good for us all; so let him mind his chimney,
Nor interfere with operations nice.

This must have been written by the *Wooden Spoon*—

A statuette of *Polyhymni-*
A stood, I ween, upon the *chimney*.

The writer of the following has evidently been "ploughed," or will be—

Little Miss Nimini Pimini
Sat herself down by the *chim-n-ey*.

Pretty fair, but stingy; there ought to have been four rhymes instead of two:—

And tell me what is fame? Ah what?
Imperial Buonaparte and grim Ney,
Once idolised by France, now deck
(In clay) the cotter's chimney.

Ægrotat—

Forbid to smoke, restrained in diet,
Strictly tabooed from wine and women, he
Obeyed the doctor's law of quiet,
And sat (and swore) beside his lonely *chimney*.

Very ill indeed!

ACROSTIC ON THE WORD "CHIMNEY."

C harley came wooing a lass down at Frimley,
H aving to keep his appointment so true,
I n haste he arrived, and sat near the chimney,
M aking Jane and her friends look blue.
N ow don't be alarmed or look so grimly,
E ndeavour to smile, and dance quite nimbly,
Y ou and I puffing our smoke up the chimney.

F. G.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Papers from "Blackie," "Chimney-corner," "Cowl," "Top," "Soot-bo!" and several others are disqualified, because the rhymes are imperfect. "Whimmy" does not rhyme with *chimney*, nor does "grim he," "dim he," &c. They all leave out the "n," which is "hen"-dispensable.—Some dozen correspondents invite us to go to Rhymney for a rhyme. Now, we know nothing of Rhmney, except that it is, we believe, somewhere in Wales, and have no time to go there just now. If ever we visit the place, and should happen to like it, we will look over this collection of verses, and, perhaps, make a "pick."—Competition papers have also been sent to us by "The General," "J. S. L. Y.," "Bazil," "George Turner," "Eureka," "Nunc est bibendum," "Bow-wow," "D," "J. C," "Thomas the Rhymer," "Pan," "Finis Coronat Opus," "Fumée," "Urbanus," "Ninibus," "L. E.," "Jay been," "Manfred," "T. G. A," "L. de M.," "Jem Ney," "T.G.A.," "Beta," "Dido."

☞ The prizes will be open to general competition among all comers, upon the following conditions:—The rhymes must be fair and honest, with no admixture of cockneyism, Yankeeism, or vulgarism of any sort. They must be framed in a couplet or stanza, which shall be constructed with due regard to the laws of grammar and prosody, and present some approach to a meaning.

*** All the competing papers must be anonymous, but each distinguished by some initial or epigraph which the winner should reproduce when claiming his prize to prove his title thereto.

Papers must be sent so as to reach the *M. A. T* Office not later than Thursday noon.

PRIZE WORD No. II.—*Minister*.

N.B.—Bar *Sinister*.

The Sporting Man.

TURF TALK.

BY "THE OUTSIDER."

ALTHOUGH Lord Derby had retired from the Turf for many years, his well-known and popular colours, "all black, white cap," will never be effaced from the remembrance of those who so often saw them in the van. Lord Derby was an out-and-out sportsman in the true sense of the word, but he excelled at any and everything he turned his mind to. He was far too *honest* a man to be a successful politician, but *that* drawback was one he would never have given up but with death. Had he condescended to the mean and petty devices of a Russell he might have been Premier for as long period as the *illustrious* brother of the Duke of Bedford, but the difference between the two men was this, Lord Russell's motto was to gain place, pay, and power by *any* means, Lord Derby's, to gain place and power by upright and honest means *only*. I suppose no member of the Lancashire Relief Fund worked with the will to do his countrymen good that he did. The *Times* (oh! if there was one thing Lord Derby loathed from his heart it was that daily sheet of vascillating dishonesty) asks in a leader on Tuesday, what work will Lord Derby be hereafter known by? Why, for that *one* great Lancashire work alone his name will *never* be forgotten. When that tradesman Bright, with his mills and breeches' pockets both closed, sat down with his hands before him doing nothing, not even with his tongue, to help the people of Lancashire, Lord Derby was giving *all* his valuable time, *all* his sympathy, together with immense sums of money, to alleviate their wants. When Bright is in his grave and forgotten, the "charity" of England's greatest nobleman will live in the hearts and memories of every Lancashire lad and lass. Since 1858 Lord Derby was very little seen on the raccourse. After the sale of his stud that year he took but little interest in horse-racing, and the last time he ran a horse at Epsom for the Derby was in 1860, when Clement carried away the "all black and white cap" on Cape Flyaway. I stood by the Earl in the paddock as, standing by the side of his horse, he gave Clement the final orders to "keep well in front to Tattenham Corner and then come away"—orders, unfortunately, the horse was not good enough to carry out, for he was never in the race. He was very unsuccessful with his Derby favourites, for there can be no doubt De Clare would have beaten Wyld Dayrell, and Fazzoletto ought to have beaten Ellington and everything else that finished before him. Toxopholite, who ran second to Beadsman, was "soft," and Dervish was a second Wentworth, and his real form must have been studiously kept a secret from his Lordship. Had Mr. Merry or Sir Joseph Hawley owned Fazzoletto or De Clare I have little doubt they would have won the Derby; but Lord Derby's ill-luck was too much for them to get over. Lord Derby had a happy knack of giving his horses good and appropriate names; in fact, he and Lord Zetland seemed to monopolise *all* the good ones. Such names as Ithuriel, Umbriel, Boiardo, Toxopholite, Fazzoletto, Canezou, Acrobat, and Cape Flyaway were only equalled by those of Fandango, Voltigeur, Vedette, Quick March, Brennus, Skirmisher, and Sabreur. The great and good man has gone, beloved and regretted by all whose good opinion was worth possessing—a pattern to every English nobleman—the admiration of every English gentleman.

I did not stand alone, I find, in my remarks last week respecting the price of Boulogne for the Newmarket Derby at the start. Both the *Sporting Times* and *Sporting Gazette* in their answers to correspondents distinctly state as a fact what I but hinted at—viz., that the reporters of the sporting branch of our free Press are squared by the large commission agents to return, as starting prices, whatever may suit their employers' books, and that they will not stick at trifles is evidenced by this particular case of Boulogne's, where the horse's price being 25 to 1 it is cut down, by *hook or by crook*, to 10. A nice state of things truly—squared reporters on the Turf of squared races, and I have no doubt in every other department of sport, and squared political reporters and city editors, and you have an English newspaper, the bulwark of every oppressed Englishman, complete! Is it possible that France can possess a *free* press like ours? Happy Frenchmen if you—don't.

The racing this week at Newmarket has been pitiable in the extreme. On the great day it was enlivened by a repetition of the Laird and Mysotis business, the chief manager being Lord Stamford's commissioner in that sportsmanlike transaction. There was a match between Cornet and President Lincoln, and the betting opened at odds on Cornet and gradually declined until 5 to 2 was laid on Mr. Payne's horse; Cornet's owner never went near the Ring, but so good a thing was it in reality for his horse, that Challoner and Cannon had to do "all they knew" to avoid a turn-up for the bookmakers!! This lively match almost eclipsed the interest attached to the Criterion, for which race Lord Falmouth ran both his horses, Kingcraft and Atlantis, and both were well beaten

The doubts I have already expressed about Kingcraft being a Derby horse were fully confirmed, and instead of it being 8 to 1 against him for that event, it should be 100 to 4 at least. He is a King Tom, and he can't stay, and unless half the field for the Epsom race is put out of it by accident, Kingcraft is not *in* the Derby; neither is Sunshine, although she will with health defeat Lord Falmouth's horse, but it is 5 to 1 against the two instead of half those odds. The next best thing to backing the winner of the Derby is to lay against those that are not in it—so my present advice is to lay 5 and 8 to 1 against each of the two first favourites for the Derby whenever there is a chance of doing so.

Joe Dawson is certainly very lucky with his young ones. To carry off two events like the Middle Park Plate and the Criterion within a fortnight is a grand achievement, and if the Katherine Logie colt answers the question satisfactorily, that will be put to him next year by Frivolity and Hester, the Derby will be over, bar accidents, and the Rake avenged.

Twenty-eight horses faced the starter for the Cambridgeshire, but there were *some* terrible duffers amongst them, and the owners of Pompei, Assineboine, Kaupai, Atonement, Macduff, Ladas, and Taraban should one and all be fined heavily for helping to delay the start, when it must have been well known to them, that their horses had no earthly chance of winning.

The result of the race was a grand surprise, except to a favoured few. The prophets, great and small, every man, woman, and child, were floored without exception, and the majority of sporting writers went out of their way, to go for Van Amburgh in capitals, when he was never in the race, and could not have won on his merits. Even those writers who daily ring the changes, and go—during the run of the piece—for a couple of dozen, did not get one amongst the first four; and one said it was £1,000 to a postage stamp against the winner—a price at which I must say I should have much liked to have been on. My modest five saw grand hedging, and three of them ran fifth, sixth and seventh, so I was as near the mark—in fact, nearer—than most, with my five arrows. Except from private information, it was impossible to go for Vestminster, and Mr. Hodgman may be congratulated on having landed a *coup* with a "lame 'un," and thrown dust into the eyes of the handicapper, the public, the Press, and the bookmakers—an unparalleled feat, I should think. I should much like to have seen the French mare win, as she has been run straight out this year, and no hanky panky was played with her to get her well in, but I think Vestminster's victory was preferable to that of Cardinal York, who had been worked with a will for this race as late even as the Second October meeting. Joe Dawson defeated his three brothers, John, Tom, and Mat, and the trials of the trio must all have been mistakes, especially that with Mr. Payne's filly. It was most unkind of some writers to put their followers on the Prior at the last moment at 6 to 1. Like Cocoa Nut, he had been "a cock" for a long time, and got his living by *pecking*. His trainer may now be bracketed with John Scott and Dervish, and John Day and Lady Elizabeth; only yielding to those "safe cases" in any way by a few weeks. At any rate I may take some credit in keeping my followers off such good and *safe* things as Van Amburgh, Rosicrucian, Prior, and Cocoa Nut. The last named was a stiff one all along, and I believe the division of the milk therein on Monday next is looked forward to with the liveliest satisfaction, and the dairies around Albert Gate will be full. Chérie, after all, is a stayer without speed, and there can be no doubt had the race been a quarter of a mile shorter, she would have walked in. The other events of the meeting, including the Nurseries, were of so contemptible a nature that they are beneath notice.

The Liverpool Autumn Cup is now the only big event on which unfortunate backers this season can hope to regain their losses. Three or four horses have been as usual thrown in for milking purposes, and to throw the knowing ones off the real scent, notably Sir Joseph Hawley's "lot." It is always a moral for one, and as, with two exceptions, I have always known that moral a week before the race, I hope on this occasion to be in the same form, and that on Saturday next I shall be able to name the winner.

RIDGE AND FURROW.

By "The Forrester."

THE autumn leaves are falling, the red berries on the holly trees give sure signs of an early, but, let us hope, not too rigorous winter; the smell of the singeing iron pervades the stable yard, the young entries have rolled over their last cub, and the old horse is ready for the cover side. What memories of the past jostle together in one's thoughts as the first Tuesday in November approaches! The well-known landscape of "Kirby Gate," the gentle canter on the grass-bordered road, the snowy leathers with Masonic tie, the white-topped boots, and lashless crop, all come crowding together before me, with the faces of friends, good men and true, whose cheery voices I miss at the first trysting place of the season.

The Houghton Meeting sings the requiem of the racing year, and "Where do you hunt this winter?" is now the cry. Shades of Osbaldeston, Assheton Smith, or Sir Richard, could ye rise from your graves and witness a Wednesday's meet of the Pytchley at Crick, a Friday with the Warwickshire at Dunchurch, or the Quorn at Barkly, ye would wring your heads in despair at the way a fox is *ridden* to death, not *hunted*, as in the good old days of yore. But enough of these reminiscences, which no one cares for now-a-days, for in these high-pressure times hunting must e'en keep pace with everything else. Again I say, "Where do you hunt this winter?" As no reply comes when I pause for it, I'll answer the question, hoping that in doing so my humble experience may be of some use to my readers.

If you mean hunting as nine out of ten do it now, I mean to meet Mr. Tailby at Jilton Wood at eleven, have two rattling gallops with a stray cropper or two, get home to dinner dead beat, and, after sundry cigars, play loo till three in the morning, then I say Melton will do you, and four horses will be quite enough, as no man can hunt six days a week who is not in his bed—say at the latest by eleven. If not, and you mean really to hunt and to stick to it, then I say the Angel at Harboro', for Mr. Tailby, the Quorn, and occasionally the Belvoir; the Regent at Leamington for the Pytchley and the Warwickshire; the George at Rugby for the Pytchley, the Duke of Grafton, the North and South Warwickshire, the Atherstone, and an occasional day with Mr. Tailby; and the Bell at Leicester for many of the before mentioned packs; but out of the lot give me the Ridge and Furrow in the neighbourhood of Market Harboro', with its good, old-fashioned ways, and its kindly country society, with the sweeping range of grass around it, and a sportsman like Mr. Tailby of Skeffington to meet; there, too, you meet Mr. Thomson, the modern Osbaldeston of the day, in his best country—I mean Clipston Windmill, or Lubenham Gorse, to say nothing of Waterloo, famous for the run of '64. In a country like this a man must have good cattle, to say nothing of the fences that make you sit down on your horse, harden your heart, and catch hold of the bridle. Then, too, you are not far from town; you can get up easily after the morning fox of a Saturday, and not be too tired to play your rubber in St. James's, whilst the newspaper train on Monday morning just lands you in time for the meet. And now, dear readers, to you who are fond of the ridge and furrow of the shires, I wish you a good season and plenty of sport, with one parting word of advice, "Let the hounds go first, and if your horse is fractious, ride wide; be first if you can, but don't push; when hounds throw up their heads, pull up your horse, and don't go near them, and if you get a lead keep it if you can. Should you want the cattle to do this with, there is an old-fashioned hostelrie in the neighbourhood of Wansford where you can be supplied with anything from three figures downwards, and mine host will make you comfortable and give you a fair trial.

COURSING.

THE changing season, as month after month slips away, still introduces us to some fresh sport, some new phase of country pastime. Already, as the racing season is dying away, preparations are making to succeed it with sports scarce less exciting. Amongst these, one of the most enjoyable that the public can indulge in during the autumn months is coursing. We say the autumn months, because the sport is then in its zenith, for, despite the records of Waterloo, with its dog Derby, coursing is nowhere so enjoyable as at Ashdown or Amesbury. These are the places where good trials over maiden turf can be obtained (too good for some dogs), where the judge, if he has blood under him, can ride well up to his dogs, and where the company, free from the crush of the Liverpool *réunion*, can really enjoy themselves. Very pleasant is the pic-nicing on these same downs, and many a goodly hamper have I seen unpacked by the time-honoured temple at Stonehenge. Very old, dry, and good is the sherry broached on these occasions, and happy the man who assists at the uncorking thereof. When the plain resolves itself into an arena where "youth and beauty meet," where seats and hands that are the pride and envy of the Row during the season, exchange the measured canter of graceful ease for the headlong gallop across the downs, as some favourite leaves the slips, and, going with a will, leads lengths to his hare; then serving his adversary only again to give him "a go by," scores point after point and wins. Here are no drains to trap dogs unaccustomed to them, but turf and space to try their wind and speed with hares which will put all their working powers to the test. I have seen coursing in many countries, but only on these undulating plains of the south have I ever seen it really in perfection. Nowhere, save on their crisp, elastic turf, can a man realise the true beauty of coursing. Run dogs across plough and amongst hedges! Bah! you may as well run the Two Thousand on Rotten Row instead of the Rowley Mile. One of the chief charms of coursing is space, unconfined space, where nothing interrupts the view, and the course can be seen from end to end.

In such a place, if your favourite is well up to the mark, he can display speed, endurance, and stamina in their highest perfection. What anxiety does it not cause as you see him or her, as the case may be, put into "slips" for the first course, perhaps with some rival of repute; and what hopes and fears are excited as to the nature of the trial! For a punishing one, or the reverse, makes all the difference to the chance of going successfully through the stake. Luckily, here but little danger is experienced of tiring in the slips from scarcity of hares, for Sir E. Antrobus is such a staunch friend to the sport that any amount of stakes may be run through at Amesbury, though he does not keep dogs. The Earl of Craven's family are so well known in connection with the coursing world, that to say Ashdown is abundantly supplied with game would be but to repeat what the veriest tyro knows. I always, though but a proselyte without the gate, looked upon these gatherings as the most enjoyable throughout the year, save, perhaps, the New market Race Meetings, when each succeeding morning sees us cantering to the Heath, and each evening is spent in the society of those of congenial taste, whose talk is of the sport that for a time enthralls our soul; there is naught like them. Nor are the scenes altogether dissimilar, for a move from the top to the flat reminds us strongly of the change to a fresh head under the guidance of Messrs. Warwick and Raper.

A wonderful popularity has come over the sport of late years, and since Lord Orford coursed with the Bulldog for courage, and then carried all before him at Seraffam, the race of coursers has increased a hundredfold. Long may it continue to be so, for—despite the remark sneeringly made in a sporting print that coursing meetings are generally got up for the benefit of some publican who, having been an old servant, is given leave to get up the same over his former master's estate—it is a sportsman-like and gentlemanly amusement. Even the sun is not without spots, nor is the coursing-field quite free from blemish; and it is true that if dogs cannot be roped, they may be stopped; and it has been whispered that a stake has, ere now, been successfully run through by aid of fresh dogs of similar colour and appearance to one whose chance has been jeopardised by a gruelling course. Yet, from its very nature, far less inducement is held out for unfair dealing than in other sports, where the element of betting is more strongly introduced. That Messieurs the bookmakers have, of late years, taken the Waterloo cup under their kind protection is, perhaps, not a cause for congratulation.

Human nature is corruptible, and there is no reason why dogs as well as horses may not, to all intents and purposes, become defunct. In fact, cases are not wanting, of recent date, where a very strong suspicion has attached of dogs being "got at." Let us hope, however, that these are cases few and far between.

Though our remarks have been confined principally to the southern meetings, there is no question that, to the general public, the week at Altcar *is* the coursing week of the year. It is a somewhat singular coincidence that our greatest race and our principal coursing prize are neither of them run over the ground best adapted to the purpose. For no one, we presume, will venture to assert that the Epsom downs, as a race-course, can rival many others that might be mentioned. Neither are the plains at Altcar equal to several coursing grounds we could name; if for no other reason, from the simple fact that the judge cannot ride so well to his dogs. And from no stationary point can so correct an estimate of their work be arrived at as when riding close to them. What, then, is the secret that has made both these sports so popular for their different purposes? We unhesitatingly say, their great adaptability for affording a view of what is going forward to a large concourse of spectators. In this they are unrivalled, and, for this reason, they will always stand foremost as places of sport. The Waterloo Cup, which yearly increases in popularity, is the only coursing prize in which the general, or outside public, take much interest; and to win it confers on the successful dog the same amount of honour that falls to a winner of the Derby or St. Leger. What shall we say, then, of the greyhound who has, two years in succession, vanquished all comers and carried off the great event? For over ten years, from the time of its becoming a sixty-two dog stake in 1857, such a thing had never happened; but in 1868, Lord Lurgan's Master M'Grath, by Dernale out of Lady Sarah, proved himself successful, and put the seal to his fortunes by again proving the victor in 1869. Nor are good judges wanting who think that, bar accidents, and with care-taking, he may rival Underhand's performance in the Northumberland Plate, and win it yet a third time, should his owner chose to risk his reputation by again starting him. Scarcely a less feat was the last year's running up of Lobelia, the winner of 1867, and the two have, undoubtedly, proved themselves the best greyhounds in the world over this ground. Whether they may have their superiors on the downs is another matter, though there it would take a clinker to beat either one or the other. The dog stands without a rival in coursing annals. Neither of them is a large greyhound, as Lobelia weighed but 54lbs. when she won, and Master M'Grath but 10lbs. heavier at his first victory. This dog comes from his dam, Lady Sarah, from the celebrated David blood, which has, of late years, been so eminently successful. The only performance at all to compare with his are those of Cerito, by Luigo out of Wanton, who was successful in 1850, and again in 1852-3. One of the most extraordinary things in connection with this stake is the winning of Empress in its second year, whose sire, Trump, was bought for ten shillings from a tinker. Space, however, warns us to bring these reminiscences to a close, and, with the wish that coursing may still continue the popular sport it has of late years become, I lay down my pen.

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Advertisements.

QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY.

ANNUAL REPORT AND QUINQUENNIAL LIFE INVESTIGATION.

The Report and accounts for the year 1868, presented to the Shareholders at the ANNUAL MEETING, on THURSDAY, 27th May, 1869, at which BERNHARD HALL, Esq., Chairman of the Company, presided, showed, in the

LIFE BRANCH,

That 555 Policies had been completed and issued, insuring the sum of	£235,246
Yielding in New Premiums	6,697
That there was added to the Life Fund a sum equal to 69 per cent. of the net premiums, viz.	25,313
Increasing that Fund from £84,840 to..	110,153

IN THE

FIRE BRANCH,

That the Premiums for 1868, after deducting re-insurances, amounted to £122,129, being an increase of £18,141 on the net income of 1867.

A portion of the balance at the disposal of the Shareholders was appropriated in payment of a Dividend of 7 per cent.

The Fire Reserve Fund was increased to £80,000 by the addition of £4,571.

And the sum of £3,133 was carried forward to next year's Accounts.

A Bonus averaging 40 per cent. of the Premiums paid was declared to holders of ordinary participating Life Policies.

THE INCOME OF THE COMPANY was shown to be £217,976, and THE FUNDS IN HAND £433,464.

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I am, Sir, yours truly,

Mr. J. G. McGEE. (Signed) W. EYRE M. SHAW.

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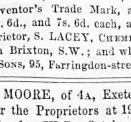
TRADE  MARK.

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